

Is to remoue proud Somerset from the King,
Seditious to his Grace, and to the State.

Buc. That is too much presumption on thy part:
But if thy Armes be to no other end,

The King hath yeelded vnto thy demand:
The Duke of Somerset is in the Tower.

Yorke. Vpon thine Honor is he Prisoner?
Buc. Vpon mine Honor he is Prisoner.

Yorke. Then Buckingham I do dismisse my Powres.
Souldiers, I thanke you all: disperse your selues:

Meet me to morrow in S. Georges Field,
You shall haue pay, and euery thing you wish.

And let my Soueraigne, vertuous Henry,
Command my eldest sonne, nay all my sonnes,

As pledges of my Fealtie and Loue,
He send them all as willing as I liue:

Lands, Goods, Horse, Armor, any thing I haue
Is his to vse, so Somerset may die.

Buc. Yorke, I commend this kinde submission,
We twaine will go into his Highnesse Tent.

Enter King and Attendants.
King. Buckingham, doth Yorke intend no harme to vs

That thus he marcheth with thee arme in arme?
Yorke. In all submission and humility,

Yorke doth present himselfe vnto your Highnesse.
K. Then what intends these Forces thou dost bring?

Yor. To heaue the Traitor Somerset from hence,
And fight against that monstrous Rebell Cade,

Who since I heard to be discomfited.

Enter Idon with Cades head.
Idon. If one so rude, and of so meane condition

May passe into the presence of a King:
Loe, I present your Grace a Traitors head,

The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.
King. The head of Cade? Great God, how iust art thou?

Oh let me view his visage being dead,
That liuing wrought me such exceeding trouble.

Tell me my Friend, art thou the man that slew him?
Idon. I was, an' like your Maiesty.

King. How art thou call'd? And what is thy degree?
Idon. Alexander Idon, that's my name,

A poore Esquire of Kent, that loues his King.
Buc. So please it you my Lord, were not amisse

He were created Knight for his good seruice.
King. Idon, kneele downe, rise vp a Knight:

We giue thee for reward a thousand Markes,
And will, that thou henceforth attend on vs.

Idon. May Idon liue to merit such a bountie,
And neuer liue but true vnto his Liege.

Enter Queene and Somerset.
K. See Buckingham, Somerset comes with th' Queene,

Go bid her hide him quickly from the Duke.
Qu. For thousand Yorkes he shall not hide his head,

But boldly stand, and front him to his face.
Yor. How now? Is Somerset at libertie?

Then Yorke vnloose thy long imprisoned thoughts,
And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart:

Shall I endure the sight of Somerset?
Falls King, why hast thou broken faith with me,

Knowing how hardly I can brooke abuse?
King did I call thee? No: thou art not King:

Not fit to gouerne and rule multitudes,
Which dar'st not, no nor canst not rule a Traitor.

That Head of thine doth not become a Crowne:
Thy Hand is made to graspe a Palmers staffe,

And not to grace an awfull Princely Scepter.
That Gold, must round engirt these browes of mine,

Whose Smile and Frowne, like to Achilles Speare,
Is able with the change, to kill and cure.

Heere is a hand to hold a Scepter vp,
And with the same to acte controlling Lawes:

Giue place: by heauen thou shalt rule no more
O're him, whom heauen created for thy Ruler.

Som. O monstrous Traitor! I arrest thee Yorke
Of Capitall Treason: gainst the King and Crowne:

Obeie audacious Traitor, kneele for Grace.
Yorke. Wold'st thou haue me kneele? First let me ask of thee,

If they can brooke I bow a knee to man:
Sirrah, call in my sonne to be my bale:

I know ere they will haue me go to Ward,
They'll pawne their swords of my infranchisement.

Qu. Call hither Clifford, bid him come amaine,
To say, if that the Bastard boyes of Yorke

Shall be the Surety for their Traitor Father.
Yorke. O blood-bespotted Neopolitan,

Out-cast of Naples, Englands bloody Scourge,
The sonnes of Yorke, thy betters in their birth,

Shall be their Fathers baile, and bane to those
That for my Surety will refuse the Boyes.

Enter Edward and Richard.
See where they come, Ile warrant they'll make it good.

Enter Clifford.
Qu. And here comes Clifford to deny their baile.

Clif. Health, and all happinesse to my Lord the King.
Yor. I thanke thee Clifford: Say, what newes with thee?

Nay, do not fright vs with an angry looke:
We are thy Soueraigne Clifford, kneele againe;

For thy mistaking so, We pardon thee.
Clif. This is my King Yorke, I do not mistake,

But thou mistakes me much to thinke I do,
To Bedlem with him, is the man growne mad.

King. I Clifford, a Bedlem and ambitious humor
Makes him oppose himselfe against his King.

Clif. He is a Traitor, let him to the Tower,
And chop away that factious pate of his.

Qu. He is attested, but will not obey:
His sonnes (he sayes) shall giue their words for him.

Yor. Will you not Sonnes?
Edw. I Noble Father, if our words will serue.

Rich. And if words will not, then our Weapons shall.
Clif. Why what a brood of Traitors haue we heere?

Yorke. Looke in a Glasse, and call thy Image so.
I am thy King, and thou a false-heart Traitor:

Call hither to the stake my two braue Beares,
That with the very shaking of their Chaines,

They may astonish these fell-lurking Curres,
Bid Salisbury and Warwicke come to mee.

Enter the Earles of Warwicke, and Salisbury.
Clif. Are these thy Beares? Wee'l bate thy Bears to death,

And manacle the Beards in their Chaines,
If thou dar'st bring them to the bayting place.

Rich. O! haue I seene a hot ore-weening Curie,
Run backe and bite, because he was with-held,

Who being suffer'd with the Beares fell paw,
Hath clapt his taile, betweene his legges and cride,

And such a peece of seruice will you do,

If you oppose your selues to match Lord Warwicke.
Clif. Hence heape of wrath, foule indigested lumpes,

As crooked in thy manners, as thy shape.
Yor. Nay we shall heate you thorowly anon.

Clif. Take heede leaſt by your heate you burne your
selues:

King. Why Warwicke, hath thy knee forgot to bow?
Old Salisbury, shame to thy silver haire,

Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sicke sonne,
What wilt thou on thy death-bed play the Russian?

And seeke for sorrow with thy Spectacles?
Oh where is Faith? Oh, where is Loyalty?

If it be banisht from the frostie head,
Where shall it finde a harbour in the earth?

Wilt thou go digge a graue to finde out Warre,
And shame thine honourable Age with blood?

Why art thou old, and want'st experience?
Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it?

For shame in dutie bend thy knee to me,
That bowes vnto the graue with mickle age.

Sal. My Lord, I haue considered with my selfe
The Title of this most renowned Duke,

And in my conscience, do repute his grace
The rightfull heyre to Englands Royall seate.

King. Hast thou not sworne Allegaunce vnto me?
Sal. I haue.

K. Canst thou dispense with heauen for such an oath?
Sal. It is great sinne, to sweare vnto a sinne:

But greater sinne to keepe a sinfull oath:
Who can be bound by any solemne Vow

To do a murd'rous dedde, to rob a man,
To force a spotlesse Virgins Chastitie,

To reauce the Orphan of his Patrimonie,
To wring the Widdow from her custom'd right,

And haue no other reason for this wrong,
But that he was bound by a solemne Oath?

Qu. A subtle Traitor needs no Sophister.
King. Call Buckingham, and bid him arme himselfe.

Yorke. Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou hast,
I am resolu'd for death and dignitie.

Old Clif. The first I warrant thee, if dreames proue true
War. You were best to go to bed, and dreame againe,

To keepe thee from the Tempest of the field.
Old Clif. I am resolu'd to beare a greater storme,

Then any thou canst coniure vp to day:
And that Ile write vpon thy Burgonet,

Might I but know thee by thy hous'd Badge.
War. Now by my Fathers badge, old Nevils Crest,

The rampant Beare chain'd to the ragged staffe,
This day Ile weare aloft my Burgonet,

As on a Mountaine top, the Cedar shewes,
That keeps his leaues in spite of any storme,

Even so affright thee with the view thereof.
Old Clif. And from thy Burgonet Ile rend thy Beare,

And tread it vnder foot with all contempt,
Delpight the Beards, that protects the Beare.

Yorke. And so to Armes victorious Father,
To quell the Rebels, and their Complices.

Rich. Fie, Charitie for shame, speake not in spight,
For you shall sup with Iesu Christ to night.

Yorke. Foule stygmaticke that's more then thou
canst tell.

Rich. If not in heauen, you'll surely sup in hell. *Exeunt*
Enter Warwicke.

War. Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwicke calles:
And if thou dost not hide thee from the Beare,

Now when thou
And dead men
Clifford I say,
Proud North
Warwicke is h

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Come thou new
As did Aeneas
So beare I thee
But then, Aene